

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जगत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! Awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached !

Katha. Upa. I. iii. 4

No. 35, JUNE 1899

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

OWING to the great loss incurred last year due to the returning of V.-P. packets by old subscribers, who did not notify their intention to discontinue, though requested to do so, we have been compelled to give that system up for collecting our subscription. As the period of subscription of the majority of our subscribers will be over in July 1899, we beg to ask them to send in their dues for August to December 1899 (**ten annas**) before the end of July by **money order**. *We may also suggest they could advantageously send in their subscription for 1900 by the same order.* Those who wish to discontinue would oblige by writing early.

Prabuddha Bharata

No. 35—VOL. IV—JUNE 1899

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PAVHARI BABA

(Concluded from page 34)

GIRNAR is celebrated amongst Hindus as having been sanctified by the stay of the great Avadhuta Guru Dattatreya, and rumour has it that great and perfected Yogis are still to be met with by the fortunate on its top.

The next turning-point in the career of our youthful Brahmacharin we trace on the banks of the Ganges somewhere near Benares, as the disciple of a Sannyasin who practised Yoga, and lived in a hole dug into the high bank of the river. To this Yogi can be traced the after-practice of our saint, of living inside a deep tunnel, dug out of a piece of ground on the bank of the Ganges near Gazipore.

Yogis have always inculcated the advisability of living in caves or other spots where the temperature is even, and where sounds do not disturb the mind.

We also learn that he was about the same time studying the Advaita system under a Sannyasin in Benares.

After years of travel, study, and discipline, the young Brahmacharin came back, to the place where he had been brought up. Perhaps his uncle, if alive, would have found in the face of the boy,

the same light which of yore a greater sage saw in that of his son, and exclaimed, "Child, thy face today shines with the glory of Brahman!" But those that welcomed him to his home were only the companions of his boyhood,—most of them gone into, and claimed for ever by, the world of small thoughts and eternal toil.

Yet there was a change, a mysterious,—to them an awe-inspiring change—in the whole character and demeanour of that schoolday friend and playmate whom they had been wont to understand. But it did not arouse in them emulation, or the same research. It was the mystery of a man who has gone beyond this world of trouble and materialism, and this was enough. They instinctively respected it, and asked no questions.

Meanwhile the peculiarities of the saint began to grow more and more pronounced. He had a cave dug into the ground, like his friend near Benares, and began to go into it and remain there for hours. Then began a process of the most awful dietary discipline. The whole day he worked in his little

ashrama, conducted the worship of his beloved Ram Chandra, cooked good dinners,—in which art he is said to have been extraordinarily proficient,—distributed the whole of the offered food amongst his friends and the poor, looked after their comforts till night came and when, they were in their beds, the young man stole out, crossed the Ganges by swimming, and reached the other shore. There he would spend the whole night in the midst of his practices and prayers, come back before day-break and wake up his friends, and then begin once more the routine business of “worshipping others,” as we say in India.

His own diet, in the meanwhile, was being attenuated every day, till it came down, we are told to a handful of bitter nim leaves, or a few pods of red pepper daily. Then he gave up going nightly to the woods on the other bank of the river, and took more and more to his cave. For days and months, we are told, he would be in the hole, wrapped up in meditation, and then come out. Nobody knows what he subsisted on during these long intervals, so the people called him Pava-ahari, or air-eater, Baba or father.

He would never during his life leave this place,—once however he was so long inside the cave that people gave him up as dead, when, after a long time, the Baba emerged, and gave a Bhändara to a large number of Sàdhus.

When not absorbed in his meditations, he would be living in a room above the mouth of his cave, and during this time he would receive visitors. His fame began to spread, and to Rai Gagan Chandra Rai Bahadoor of the Opium

Department, Gazipore,—a gentleman whose innate nobility and spirituality have endeared him to all,—we owe our introduction to the saint.

Like many others in India, there was no striking or stirring external activity in this life. It was one more example of that Indian ideal of teaching through life and not through words, and that truth bears fruit in those lives only which have become ready to receive. Persons of this type are entirely averse to preaching what they know, for they are convinced for ever that it is internal discipline alone that leads to truth, and not words. Religion to them is no motive to social conduct, but an intense search after, and realization of, *Truth* in this life.

They deny the greater potentiality of one moment over another, and, every moment in eternity being equal to every other, they insist on seeing the truths of Religion face to face now and here, not waiting for death.

The present writer had occasion to ask the saint the reason of his not coming out of his cave to help the world. At first, with his native humility and humour, he gave the following strong reply:—

“A certain wicked person was caught in some criminal act by somebody, and had his nose cut off as a punishment. Ashamed to show his noseless features to the world, and disgusted with himself he fled into a forest, and there spreading a tiger-skin on the ground, he would feign deep meditation, whenever he thought any body was about. This conduct instead of keeping people off, drew them in crowds to pay their respects to this

wonderful saint, and he found that his forest-life had brought him once again an easy living. Thus years went by. At last the people around became very eager to listen to some instruction from the lips of the silent meditative saint, and one young man was specially anxious to be initiated into the order. It came to such a pass that anymore delay in that line would undermine the reputation of the saint. So one day he broke his silence, and asked the enthusiastic young man to bring on the morrow a sharp razor with him. The young man, glad at the prospect of the great desire of his life being speedily fulfilled, came early the next morning with the razor. The noseless saint led him to a very retired spot in the forest, took the razor in his hand, opened it, and with one stroke cut off his nose, repeating in a solemn voice, 'Young man! this has been my initiation into the order. The same I give to you. Do you transmit it diligently to others when the opportunity comes!' The young man could not divulge the secret of this wonderful initiation for shame, and carried out to the best of his ability the injunctions of his master. Thus a whole sect of nose-cut saints spread over the country. Do you want me to be the founder of another such?"

Later on, in a more serious mood, another query brought the answer,— "Do you think that physical help is the only help possible? Is it not possible that one mind can help other minds, even without the activity of the body?"

When asked on another occasion why he, a great Yogi, should perform Karma, as pouring oblations into the

sacrificial fire, and worshipping the image of Sri Raghunathji, which are only meant for beginners, the reply came, "Why do you take for granted that everybody makes Karma for his own good? Can one not perform Karma for others?"

Then again, everyone has heard of the thief who had come to steal, in his ashram and who at the sight of the saint got frightened and ran away, leaving the goods he had stolen in a bundle behind; how the saint took the bundle up, ran after the thief, and came up to him after miles of hard running; how the saint laid the bundle at the feet of the thief, and with folded hands and tears in his eyes asked his pardon for his own intrusion, and begged hard for his acceptance of the goods, since they belonged to him, and not to himself.

We are also told, on reliable authority, how once he was bitten by a cobra and though he was given up for hours as dead, revived, and when his friends asked him about it only replied that the cobra "was a messenger from the Beloved."

And well may we believe this, knowing as we do the extreme gentleness, humility, and love of his nature. All sorts of physical illness were to him only "Messengers from the Beloved," and he could not even bear to hear them called by any other name, while himself almost under tortures from them.

This silent love and gentleness had conveyed themselves to the people around, and those who have travelled through the surrounding villages can testify to the unspoken influence of this wonderful man.

Of late he did not show himself to anyone. When out of his underground retiring-place, he would speak to people with a closed door between. His presence above ground was always indicated by the rising smoke of oblations in the sacrificial fire, or the noise of getting things ready for worship.

One of his great peculiarities was his entire absorption at the time in the task in hand, however trivial. The same amount of care and attention were bestowed in clearing a copper pot as in the worship of Sri Raghunathji, he himself being the best example of the secret he once told us of work, "The means should be loved and cared for as if it were the end itself."

Neither was his humility any kindred of that which means pain and anguish or self-abasement. It sprang naturally from the realisation of that which he once so beautifully explained to us, "O King! the Lord is the wealth of those who have nothing,—yes, of those," he continued, "who have thrown away all desires of possession, even that of one's own soul."

He could never directly teach, as that would be assuming the rôle of a teacher, and placing himself in a higher position than another. But once the spring was touched, the fountain welled up infinite wisdom, yet always the replies were indirect.

In appearance he was tall and rather fleshy, had but one eye and looked much younger than his real age. His voice was the sweetest we have ever heard. For the last ten years or more of his life he had withdrawn himself entirely from the gaze of mankind. A few potatoes

and a little butter were placed behind the door of his room, and sometimes during the night this was taken in when he was not in samádhi, and living above ground. When inside his cave, he did not require even these.

Thus this silent life went on, witnessing to the science of Yoga, and a living example of purity, humility, and love.

The smoke which, as we have said already, indicated his coming out of samadhi, one day smelted of burning flesh. The people around could not surmise anything, till the smell became overpowering, and the smoke was seen to rise up in volumes. Then they broke open the door, and found that the great yogi had offered himself as the last oblation of his sacrificial fire, and very soon a heap of ashes was all that remained of his body.

Let us remember the words of Kalidas,—“Fools blame the actions of the great, because they are extraordinary, and their reasons past the finding-out of ordinary mortals.”

Yet, knowing him as we do, we can only venture to suggest that the saint saw his last moments come, and not wishing to cause trouble to any, even after death, performed this last sacrifice of an Arya in full possession of body and mind.

The present writer owes a deep debt of gratitude to the departed saint and dedicates these lines, however unworthy, to the memory of one of the greatest masters he has loved and served.

VIVEKANANDA.

SIKHISM AND ITS PRINCIPLES

(Continued from page 24)

EN the other hand coming to Advaitism we find the sublime teachings, viz., everything in the world is Brahman. There is no duality ; all is oneness, the greatest aim of existence is to realize the Self. Here a few pieces from the Granth may be quoted with advantage, as showing its affinity to the Advaita Vedanta. Guru Nanak says :—

ॐकार सरब प्रकाशी । आतम सुध अङ्गै
अबनाशो ॥ ईश जीव मैं भेद नजानै ।
साध चौर सभ ब्रह्म पछानै । हसती चीटी
त्रिनलै आँद । एक अंख उत बसे अनांद ॥
कारन करन अकरता कहीये । भान प्रकाश
जगत जिंउलहीये ॥ याकिरया को सो पछानै
। अद्वैत अखंड आपको मानै ॥ लिब लीन
भए आतम मध ऐसे । जिंउ जल जलहि भेद
कहु कैसे ॥ बासदेव बिन अबरन कै ।
नानक उंसोह आतम सै ॥

“Omkar is pervading all things. In the heart dwells the pure Lord God. There is no difference between Ishwara and Jiva, the saint as well as the thief are Brahman. From the mighty elephant to the tiny ant the one Brahman is pulsating. He is the sole cause and Himself is the effect, yet He does not do anything. He is like the sun by whose energy everything in the universe is done yet the sun is not the doer..... He can know the arrangements of this universe who believes himself to be the pure Advaitin..... One

absorbed in Atman is not different from It. How can there exist distinction between two waters when mixed ?..... There is nothing except the Lord, O Nanak ! Om Soham, and Atman are the same Lord Brahman.” In another place it is said,

नानक परखे आपको ता परख जान ।

“He who has known his ownself,” says Nanak, “is the true knower ;” or

सब नरंत्र एके देख

“See one in all” says Guru Arjan Dev. Here we find the highest idea of Vedanta before us. In order to realise this idea one must be raised to the highest stage of spirituality and this can only be done by passing through the intermediate stages. The attaching of the sole importance to one stage or another, has been the chief cause of many quarrels and fights among different religious sects. A seeker after truth has to pass through all these different stages, from the lowest to the highest, from the low humility to the high royalty. Thus can the

Path to Salvation

according to Sikhism be briefly described. The first and the chief thing in this path is to have a strong desire to obtain Moksha. Have a desire and it shall be fulfilled. Sow a seed and it shall bring forth fruit. Not every seed sown is always fruitful, and so not is every desire fulfilled. Seed must be thrown into good ground and should be well cared for. Desire must be

created in a calm mind and must be strong, in order to bring forth any good result. Every one may possess a desire to attain Moksha, but every one's desire is not strong. The desire may be the strongest of all and yet not strong enough to equilibrate the opposite action of the sum total of other desires. To make the desire strong enough to subdue other forces, help must come from outside. This is the kind of help which is got from the writings of the saints. A candle lights up a dark room where light is latent; thus the writings of the sages light up the dark minds with the light of a craving to obtain Moksha, the craving being already present in a passive state.

First of all let the worldly pleasures be shown to be fleeting and unreal, and one will be tired of enjoying these inconsistent joys. Let the idea of death be brought vividly before one's eyes, and one will be wearied of this life of sorrows. Naturally there will spring up a desire to get perfect bliss and everlasting happiness.

No song puts before our mind's eye the false love of the world more vividly than this ;—

जगत मे भूठी देखी प्रीत । अपने ही सुख
से सभ लागे किया दारा किया मीत ॥ १ ॥
रहाउ ॥ मेरो मेरो सभै कहत हैं हित सिउ
बादिउ चीत ॥ अंत काल संगी न के ई पह
अचरज हैं रीत ॥ २ ॥ मन मूरख अजहू न
समझत सिख दे हारयो नीत । नानक भै जल
पर परे जो गावे प्रभ के गीत ॥ २ ॥

“ False love is seen in the world. Every one, be it a friend, or a relation, in this world, is interested in one's own comfort. Every one says, ‘ It (the world) is mine, it is mine ;’ and every one has given up

oneself to its charms. None is companion at the last moment, that is a strange custom. This ignorant mind (Manas) does not accept my advices, I am tired of advising it every moment. One who sings the praises of the Almighty, says Nanak, is beyond all these cares and anxieties.” How beautifully do the following couplets describe the mutability of the world :—

राम गेउ रावन गेउ जा को बहु परवार ।
कहु नानक कुछ थिर नहीं सुपने सिउ संसार ॥
जो उपजिउ सो बिनस हैं परों आजके काल ।
नानक हर गुन गायले छाड़ सगल जंनजाल ॥

“ Both Rama and Ravana who had long lines of progeny have passed away from the surface of this globe. Say, O Nanak ! there is nothing permanent, the world is like a dream. Everything that has come into existence will vanish today or tomorrow. Nanak says, sing the praises of the Lord and leave all other bondages.”

Desire has been created in the mind, now is the time for devising some methods to satisfy it. The Spiritual Master, the guru can teach us these methods. It is of the greatest importance to take the advice of a guru before walking upon the road of spirituality. Once the royal road of Jnana is known one can reach the magnificent town of Moksha. None can reach the town without knowing the road which leads to it. Many roads may lead to one and the same town. It is the guru who points the proper road to an unacquainted person. It is not the duty of the person to question the accuracy of the guide's words. One who demands just before starting, the plan of the road will never reach the town. He who tries to find out the true way by himself will wander hith-

er and thither in the wilderness without success. It is said:—

जे सौं चंदा उगवे सूरज चढहे हजार ।
एते चानन हुंदिया गुरबिन घोर अंधार ॥
“If there be a hundred moons and thousand suns (of wisdom), besides so much light it is all darkness without a guru.”

Some are of opinion, many among the Sikhs, that everything needed for a seeker after truth can be found in the religious scriptures, hence there is no need of a living guru at the present time. No doubt everything is there. There is Bhakti for one, repetition of the holy names for another, Yoga for the third, Brahmajnāna for the fourth, and so on. How can one know which of them suits one best? The religious scriptures are like a medical hall wherein are stored the medicines of all description. A patient cannot cure himself by taking any medicine without the doctor's advice. He ruins himself who does so. Good doctor's advice is necessary to get rid of a certain disease. A religious patient must find out some spiritual doctor who may after examining him carefully prescribe the proper medicine for him out of the very scriptures, the storehouse of the spiritual cures. The scriptures are like the books of music—wherein are recorded the different tones of the various notes; the different modes of singing different rāgas. Can a person learn music from these books? No, never. A master is required to teach the pupil, first by singing himself, the true sounds. Thus the guru is essential to the path to salvation. Having found a guru the sikh (disciple) must act up to his advice. A sikh must have the greatest regard for his guru, the

greatest faith in him. Let the guru be for a sikh the representative of the Lord, nay the Lord Himself. Thus can a true sikh cross the ocean of Maya safely in the boat of his prema (love.) The sikh must resign himself to his guru. It is said:—

मन बेचे सति गुरके प्रार्थ । तिस सेवक
के कारज रास ॥ सेवा करत है ए नह कामो
। तिस को होत प्राप्त सबामी ॥ आबा गमन
मिटै प्रभु सेव । आप तियाग सन् गुरदेव ॥
इउ रतन जन्म का है ए उधार ॥

“All actions of the sikh are useful who sells his mind to the guru. The sikh who by serving his guru becomes desireless finds the Lord. Transmigration of the soul ceases by the worship of the most high. Resign thyself to the protection of the guru. In this way can the pearl like life attain perfection.”

How to find out a guru? is now the problem before us. A strong desire and prayers to the Almighty are sure to provide us with a guru. In the Guru Granth there are many prayers such as:—

किरपा करै ता सत गुर मेलै हर हर नाम
धियाई ॥

“If thou be kind to me, help me, O Lord! to get a guru and repeat Thy holy name Hara Hara.” There are also given the distinguishing features of a guru. The definition of a Satguru as given in the granth is

सत पुरख जिन जान या सत गुर तिस का
नाउ ॥

“He who has known the Sat Purkh is a Satguru.” In another:—

जिस मिलये मन होए अनंद सो सति गुर
कहीये । मन की दुष्कृति बिनस जाए परम पद
लहीये ॥

“He is Satguru in whose company our mind gets happiness. The restlessness of the mind vanishes and perfection is attained.” Through the kindness of the guru,—kindness, which is the result of the sikh’s own faith in and love for the guru. Brahmajnana or the knowledge of Brahman, is got and the sikh becomes

a Brahmajnani. It is said :—

अमत दिशट पेखे होए सत ॥

“One becomes a saint even if the guru casts a kind glance.” Then all duality ceases, the sikh becomes the guru, nay Brahman Himself, as is said :—

बहम गियानी आप प्रमेश्वर ॥

“A Brahmajnani is the Lord Himself.”

(To be continued.)

BAWA BUDH SINGH.

WHAT IS THE NEW PANTHEISM

(Continued from page 61)

CALL this conception theism, or cosmic-theism, with Fisk, if you will; but it is a theism which, as President Patton says, may be considered as embracing polytheism, pantheism and monotheism (the ism par excellence). It is monistic. It is the new pantheism, and is being emphasized every day by the advance made in scientific discovery and speculation along those lines called the new materialism.

Monistic idealism, or the conception of an immanent God, pervades all our modern religious thinking and feeling, is taught in our liberal universities, and tinges deeply, if it does not especially characterize, the new theology. In fact, the substitution of an immanent God for the traditional or far-off God may almost be said to be a universal movement throughout the intellectual world.

Correctly stated, it is pantheistic, or, at least, it seems to me to be pantheistic. Some try to escape the dilemma by asserting that God, in reality, infinitely transcends the universe, while admitting that He pervades it throughout and glorifies it. Just how it can be maintained, however, that this view is not tinged with

dualism is not exactly clear. It might be claimed, on the other hand, that this conception of transcendence can only be reached through our knowledge and apprehension of the universe, and is, therefore, essentially pantheistic, or monistic, if you please to call it so. In any event, if we accept the growing conviction of modern scientific and philosophical thought that “God and Nature are one,” that “Man is one substance with the Father,” I fail to see how we are to escape the charge of being pantheistic. And I am quite ready to accept as true Prof. Tyler’s statement that, “we have been altogether too afraid of this term pantheism.”

What is pantheism after all, or at least the new pantheism, but a philosophy which tries to formulate, in some vague way, the superlative, if not supreme, God-consciousness, that has come, and is coming more and more clearly every day, to this modern world of ours? The marvelous revival of the love of Nature, and the inspiration of Nature, which so characterizes our day, President Hall has declared to be “God’s latest revelation of Himself to man.” Nature is an all-inclusive term as understood to-day. Human

nature is but a single division or differentiation of Nature, and cannot, from the present outlook, be separated from the common world of Nature; and it is upon our apprehension of the whole realm of Nature that the idea of God is based.

It may be justly claimed, furthermore, that before we can maintain that the universe is not, in an essential sense, "the measure of Deity," we ought to feel pretty sure that we not only apprehend, but that we comprehend the universe in all its completeness and perfection. The more that is learned of it, both in its physical and psychical aspects, the more marvelously wonderful, profoundly awful, as well as divinely inspiring and beautiful, it all is. To those who are best informed of the progress of modern movements in the direction of a growing apprehension of the nature and meaning of the universe, it is little wonder that the conviction has become overwhelming that God and Nature are essentially one. Neither is it to be wondered at that this conviction should first express itself in poetic form. We are coming to see, in these later days, that science at bottom is little other than the verification of the ideal in Nature. "Poetry," said Wordsworth at an age when only the prophetic soul could have grasped the thought, "is the impassioned expression which is on the countenance of science."

Was not Wordsworth the high priest among those prophets and apostles who proclaimed that form of pantheism which, although now termed "the immanency of God," is seen to be, in very truth, the impassioned expression which is on the countenance of modern science, and constitutes in very deed and truth the breath and finer spirit of all our deepest knowledge?

I am not pleading for pantheism as such, nor for any other ism, unless it be for that form of God-consciousness which, if I am any prophet at all, awaits the immediate future, and is

fast being revealed to those who have an eye or an ear at all sensitive to the touch and significance of modern scientific research.

In this connection let me quote the closing lines of President Gilman's address, given at New Haven a few months since, on "Fifty years of science": "Finally let me say, with the solemnity of deep conviction, that, dearer than the fellowship of brethren, deeper than the love of knowledge, too precious ever to be given up, too sacred for careless speech, is the invigorating and inspiring belief that science in its ultimate assertions echoes the voice of the living God."

Most of you, I hope, read, a few weeks since, Dr. Gladden's reasons for being thankful, as they were given in *The Republican*, and you will recall these words: "Unless Nature—which includes humanity—makes the existence of God probable to the human mind, it is idle to imagine that faith can be maintained. If He is not in His world, we need not look for Him anywhere else. Indeed there is nowhere else to look."

Take the old terms, "the infinitude of God," "the omnipresence of God" etc. Do these terms mean, or can they be made to convey the idea of an isolated God? Their only rational meaning is that of an absolute immanent God. If they mean anything less than that, then we are left with an inevitable conception of a limited God, and something other than a real universe. Prof. Le Conte has well said: "Either God is far more closely related to Nature, and operates in it in a more direct way than we have recently been accustomed to think, or else (mark the alternative) Nature operates itself and needs no God at all. There is no middle ground tenable." It is materialism, or something akin to modern pantheism.

The great contention of the ages has been over the question of the real meaning of matter. "What we have come to," says a recent writer, "is the persuasion that, if matter is the ultimate

productive cause of universal life, it must be, as Martineau has written, such extremely clever matter, matter that is up to everything, even to writing Hamlet, and discovering its own evolution; matter, in short, which, but for the spelling of its name, does not differ appreciably from our old friends, mind and God."

The day has come, however, when even such a "persuasion" as this is no longer the highest reach of human reason. The day has come when we do not have to regard matter, this "clever matter," as the ultimate productive cause of anything. Our scientific men and philosophers are now going back of matter to ether, and, applying the principles of pure physics and mathematics, reasonably conceive of the origin of the atoms of matter, tracing their "productive cause" back to the volitional self-activity of an absolute personality, or, in other words, to the infinite and eternal energy, unified, embodied, eternally expressing itself in and through this immaterial super-physical, everywhere present substance (and the only real substance we know anything of) which we have learned to call the universal ether.

Why, then, should not Deity be looked for, and found, apprehended and felt, in Nature, when not only we ourselves, but every atom of matter, are of the very substance of God; and thus, in very truth, begotten, not artificially made or created?

Think for a moment of the tremendous difference and significance, too, between the fact, or conception, of being begotten, and that of being created! We, in our finite way, are capable of creating a beautiful complex machine, for instance. But this is purely mechanical, artificial, and product of a mere thing; it lacks all the elements of inherent life and growth, and is, therefore, transient. There are, and can be, none of the elements of personality in it. But that which is begotten possesses, in potential form, qualities and attributes common to the begetter.

In created Nature there is no room for personality, there is no place for intercommunion and sympathetic relationship between cause and effect, or effect and cause. Creation rests upon a plane below that of fatherhood and childhood, and all the relations which these terms imply and involve. If, however, we drop out of our consciousness the conception, and all that the allied conceptions that have organized themselves around this word creation, and rise to the full significance of this other term begotten, we shall see that an impersonal pantheism, becomes an antiquated conception, and drops out of existence by virtue of its own weight.

(To be continued).

DR. C. T. STOCKWELL.

SELFISHNESS is the cause of all evil and immorality; and unselfishness is but another term for the recognition of oneness. That which proceeds from the idea of separateness, *i. e.*, from selfish motives, is immoral and sinful; and that which leads toward unselfishness is moral, virtuous, and good. That which prevents us from realizing our oneness with God and humanity is wrong; and that which helps us in loving every living creature as ourselves is moral, godly, and divine. All the commandments, "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt," which we find in various Scriptures, may be summed up in two simple sentences: "Do not be selfish; be unselfish." Therefore, unselfishness, or the recognition of oneness, is the true basis of morality.

—*Swâmi Abhedânanda.*

NO one can be perfectly free till all are free; no one can be perfectly moral till all are moral; no one can be perfectly happy till all are happy.—*Herbert Spencer.*

HAS LIFE MEANING?

THERE is in this world such things, as pain, sin and death, and arrangement of things which we dislike. And this feeling is intensified when in spite of earnest attempts made to unravel the mystery of life and death, the attempts are baffled; and the mystery becomes more mysterious. Though search is vain, yet a certain religious faculty in us never allows us to be at rest. It spurs us on to try and try again, though every trial may in the end be found as frustrated as ever. Still there is instinctively a hope which impels us onward, and imagination is never repressed against its giddy flights into the unknown and invisible.

When sin and pain and death meet us at every turn, we are taken aback at the misfits of things, and our minds are thrown into confusion at the apparent inharmony of the world we are living in, and vainly wish for a hand which would intervene and bring about a better order of things. Great thinkers of the present age were not free from the gloomy purview which they took of things as they are. Mr Herbert Spencer has recognized "malevolence" in Nature when parasites are permitted to torture and kill superior organisms, when animals are equipped with cruel contrivances to prey upon each other. Mr. John Stuart Mill, bewildered, bluntly says:—"No one can be so silly as to expect common human morality from Nature.....In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another are Nature's every day performances." Professor Huxley has sorrowed over evolution in such words as: "I know no study which is so utterly saddening as that of

the evolution of humanity as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute only more intelligent than other brutes, a blind prey to impulses which as often lead him to destruction, a victim to endless illusions which make his mental existence a terror and a burden and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of comfort and develops a more or less workable theory of life in such favourable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then for thousands of years struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and ambition of his fellow men." In every one of us, our individual experiences of the world has at one time or another, if not often, thrown us into very sad moods. Our sins have galled us, our blunders of life dogged our steps, our littleness of life and work mocked us, our toils in sun, rain and cold, and struggles mental, have borne on us with an unbearable weight, and death comes to finish the sad tale, and spreads an impenetrable darkness over the whole scene. We have often felt alone, deserted and helplessly forsaken, and questioned Nature why it all is so unnatural and unaccommodating. In fact we have found that life had neither music nor sweetness in it, and driven to a pessimism of things from which there seemed no hope of rescue. Mr. Huxley thought that the only remedy to put an end to all the trouble was that some friendly comet might visit the earth, and by its tremendous collision

dash it back to its primitive dust and gas.

As against this view there are Hedonism, Stoicism, Neo-Platonism, Charvakism, and other optimistic views of life, some of them allowing a place for morality, and others immorality. Vedanta would teach indifference, and Yoga point out a way wherewith to conquer the ills of flesh and regain the lost liberty of the soul.

The fact however is that the world is not all sadness as pessimism would depict it; nor is it all gladness as hedonism would paint it. It is a mixture. Man is a compound of two feelings, hopeful and despondent. He gets into these by turns; and when he is in one mood, the world appears to him constructed out of that mood. The mind is the great player in the drama of existence. What the mind is, the man is. He is never the same in two instants together. The rule of his being is change. The matter of him is in constant flux, and so the mind in a constant swirl. All has evolved into complicate differentiations. Will it ever go back into the simple undifferentiate? If evolution into the trouble of heterogeneity is a mistake, then beating ourselves back into our native homogeneous harmony is surely a correction. It is the physical way of saying that a comet may reduce us all to dust, as the spiritual way of our saying the same vedantly is that we may all dissolve into Parabrahm.

The Advaitin would lose himself beyond names and forms in the Parabrahmic essence, the Visishtadvaitin would realise his attributive oneness with the Parabrahmic substance, and the Dvaitin would find his residence in the sorrowless regions of Parabrahm.

The gloomy purview of the world we take is due to our considering it under limitations. The limitations are of space and of time. Some of us never look beyond our home, some beyond our village, some beyond our continent, and some beyond the world. We are in the

predicament of the tortoise confined within the tiny enclosure of a well. And in point of time we are equally purblind. The past is screened and the future veiled. Add to these the limitations imposed by the mind by its causation, or incessant sequence of ideas, refusing to be unlimited for one instant. The gloomy view of things we take is further due to thinking that our present condition is out of all relation to eternity. Considering birth on one side as the beginning without antecedent and death on the other as the final end with no postcedent, is an assumption which is at the root of all our pessimistic melancholy. But if truth were that the present is correlated with the past and the future; that there is a side of things behind the sunset, beyond the stars, beyond hill, sea and horizon; that earth stands in relation to heaven, that God is ever in relation to us, not absent in earth, and only present in heaven; that the visible is not all, but in relation to the invisible; that the infinite and the eternal are a standing protest against finiteness and transiency, we must grow from shadow into light, and from death into life, and nerve us into hope and spirits. If there is trouble in our heart, but is pregnant with future sunshine, if labour is unsweet but is the promise of a rich harvest, if our little span of life is a burden, but points to sublime issues in the hereafter, we may well shake ourselves from the sickening earthly illusion and cheat ourselves with the bewitching visions of the heaven to come, which our imagination in spite of cold reason, would persist in presenting before itself.

The physical order of the universe is the promise of our endless advance, and the moral order the solver of our mental confusion; and the irrepressible religious faculty in us is unaccountable unless that it makes death the doorway for emerging from darkness to light; death the dismantler of dimensions; death, the rearranger of matter, life and motion;

death the robing chamber ; death the interesting moment when all our problems of pessimism and optimism are for once solved for us. Vishnu Dharma says: ' *Mrityum priyam ivā-tithim*' : Death is your welcome guest. Sri Bhāgavata tells that a Brahman's life on earth is probation for the ever future. His tribulation here is the test of his reward hereafter. His temporary suffering here is the seed of everlasting bliss.*

To us the present and the visible is no fiction. There is a unity to us of the two worlds, and a continuity from the present to the future. If the visible is nowhere, there is no invisible superposing on it. Heaven is a continuation from earth. There is no sudden break between the two. The father is not hidden away in an unseen corner, but is everywhere. The present conditions constitute the plan of the coming elevation. Our now is the seed of the flower and fruit of hereafter. Our education is here ; and there comes a time to pass out of the school with honors. Hence to decry the present or falsify the visible is no part of our philosophy.

If life has meaning, it has always a meaning, not that part of it spent on earth is either nonsense or false. The future is builded out of the present. The materials that go to the construction of the heavenly home are as real as the house itself. The invisible rests on the visible, the unseen is the next of the seen, the unknown is the summit of the known, blessedness the end of sorrow. As Rev. W. W. Peyton says: "An unearthly splendour breaks out on the Alps, when eight or ten domes, cones, obelisks, lifting their heads in the eastern sky, above a range of mountains

*The original of the verse is as follows :—

Brāhmanasya hi dehoyam
Kshudra kāmāya neshyate,
Kricchrāya tapase ch-eha
Prety-ānanta-sukhāyacha.

(XII—17—41).

miles long, are lit up by the rosy glow of the setting sun, while the huge mass of the mountains and the deep valleys are in shadow. But it is the shadowed mass which holds up the peaks to the evening rose."

If life is false or has no meaning, then the physics of the universe is out of order or a chaos ; the basis of morals shaky ; virtue a false sentiment, and so all the rest of philanthropy and self-sacrifice and righteousness ; love unnatural ; and religion monstrous. But it is otherwise. Our religious faculty is a human possession which has great purpose to fulfil ; love, righteousness, self-sacrifice and virtue render life beautiful, and make a heaven of earth ; and morality is the handmaid of religion, in the relationship, that Lakshmi is to Vishnu, leading us to devotion and the worship of the divine, the sublime and the beautiful. The mechanics of the universe are not out of gear or disorderly, but evidence of a most consummate Designer and Architect ; and an Engineer, on whose pioneering we all may depend. *Life has meaning.*

A. GOVINDA CHARLU.

[In regard to the discussion started by our esteemed friend Mr. Charlu in these pages, we feel it necessary to observe that we publish the above paper *as received* without any comment or modification, though we have reason to disagree with it on many points. We may probably return to it in a future issue.—Ed.]

IF you would convince another, who really loves truth, of defect in conception, you must try to see the side at which things are looked at by him ; for on that side his view of them is probably true ; by seeing a truth, common to him and to you, he may more readily recognise with you what is wanting in his own conception.—*Prof. Fraser.*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DURING the fall of 1897 the Swami Saradananda came to this city and delivered a course of lectures on the Vedanta Philosophy. He was well received and many regretted his departure from America the following January.

Since that time we have had nothing in this line of thought until two weeks ago, April 14th, when Swami Abhedananda delivered a lecture here on "The Religious Ideas of the Hindus."

Although he was very weary, in consequence of his long continued labors in New York, some gentlemen in the audience who were not satisfied with one lecture, made arrangements for a second on the following Monday, April 17th. The sub-

ject being "Evolution and Reincarnation." At the first lecture there were about seventy persons present, and at the second the number was more than doubled.

Many expressed themselves as pleased and more than satisfied with the various new ideas brought to them in such a charming and skilful manner.

It is quite safe to say that arrangements will be made for a course of lectures on the Vedanta, to be given here sometime in the near future.

With best wishes for the success of all the good work which you are trying to do.

A FRIEND.

WORCESTER, MASS.,

April 27th, 1899.

NĀNĀ KATHĀ

LET this truth be presented to thee in the excitement of anger—that to be moved by passion is not manly, but that mildness and gentleness, as they are more agreeable to human nature, so also are they more manly; and he who possesses these qualities possesses strength, nerves, and courage, and not the man who is subject to fits of passion and discontent. For in the same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, in the same degree also is it nearer to strength; and as the sense of pain is a characteristic of weakness,

so also is anger. For he who yields to pain and he who yields to anger, both are wounded and both submit.—*Marcus A. Antonius.*

NUMEROUS incidents have been recited showing how the larger and stronger animals have assisted and protected smaller and weaker ones. Among the birds, however, there is a practice which is just as interesting as any of the acts of consideration performed by animals. Here is a striking instance. For small birds to attempt to fly across the broad Mediterranean would, because of the

inadaptability of their wings and powers of endurance, be impossible. To reach a warmer climate through Asia Minor, Syria, and Palestine would be quite as certain to result in their death. Through the kindness of the crane, however, the small birds are enabled to reach the warmer climate with little efforts. When the crane is about to migrate, it flies in wide circles close to the ground uttering a loud and peculiar cry, as an alarm, that can be heard at a great distance. The small birds, it is said, recognise it as a call for them, and they immediately fly to the crane and take up a position on the crane's back. When he has all the passengers he can carry comfortably, the crane starts on his long journey. Arrived in the warm south lands, the small birds fly from the back of their friend, and are safe for the winter.—*Quoted by the Tribune.*

THE *Sunday at Home* gives the following figures on the authority of Dr. E. E. Strong as to the operations of the Protestant missionary societies of the world:—

The missionary societies of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia number 249, with 4,694 stations, and 15,200 out-stations. There are 11,659 missionaries, 64,290 native labourers, and 1,121,699 communicants. There are 913,478 persons under instruction; and the income in all these countries is £2,651,856.

ATTENTION has lately been called to the investigation of Dr. G. S. Hall, President of Clark University, on the things that most arouse fear. Taking the subjects broadly, it appeared that out of 298 classes of objects dreaded by 1,707 individuals,

thunder and lightning were the ones creating the greatest alarm and anxiety. And yet, as pointed out by one of the electrical journals, a thunder-storm might compare with Mr. John Bright's express train as the safest thing on earth to be in. Records have been carefully kept of accidents and deaths from lightning stroke or thunderbolt, and they are apparently on the decline, the period 1890-93 showing only 193 deaths a year for the whole United States. On the other hand, 200 people are drowned in New York City every year, 150 are burned or scalded to death, and 500 die from falls of various kinds. It is the rarest thing in the world, literally, for any one of Greater New York's citizens to be killed by lightning, and yet when a thunder-storm invades this region most of the three million inhabitants are decidedly fearful and uncomfortable. The statistics show that, in respect of immunity from accident by lightning, the modern city is infinitely safer than the open country.—*Scientific American.*

MAN progresses through peace and brotherhood; as man he retrogrades, and as body becomes diseased, by any reversion to or persistence in the states proper to *animal* consciousness. Let the day begin at its highest. There are books and passages in books which raise consciousness to its noblest; there are people the thought of whom is an inspiration; there are phrases of music that go home to the centre of our being. Any of these will do, and five minutes dwelling thereon at rising will give a keynote that will sound for the day, the morning bath of the mind. Then as the

hours go on and consciousness sinks, moves to sensuality, becomes irritable, or inclines to darken with any of the lower states, *reach back* to the morning, re-create the higher, and thus destroy the awakening germ of disharmony in the soul and disease in the body. In this, as in all other things, practice makes perfect, and the habit of *mounting* in all unoccupied moments, up from the animal, is as easy to acquire as is that of *descent* towards it.—*Dr. Herbert Coryn.*

PROF. F. E. NIPHER has recently measured the frictional effect of moving trains upon the air near them. His apparatus consisted of a hemispherical cup, which he could fix at distances up to thirty inches from the window of a railway carriage. The mouth of this collector was turned toward the direction in which the train was moving at the time of observation ; and the pressure due to the motion was conveyed to a pressure gage by means of an India rubber tube attached to the back of the collecting cup. The results obtained showed that a large amount of air is dragged along with a rapidly moving train, the motion being also communicated to air many feet away. Most people believe that it is dangerous to stand near a train going at full speed, and Prof. Nipher has now proved that the moving air is a real source of danger. The air not only possesses sufficient power to cause one to topple over, but it also communicates a spinning motion tending to roll a person under the train, if the nature of the ground does not prevent such a result.—*Scientific American.*

IF men were called to face the work of a whole life at any moment, the strongest man would fail ; but because that work is divided into fragments, the weakest man, if he have courage, is able to carry the load. A stout heart, in the old sense of the words, is one of the best gifts—the temper which disposes one to be cheerful, hopeful, and buoyant, which refuses to see the dark side of things, to feel the oppression of work, or to sit down under the shadow of possible calamities. A stout heart is much more than a cheerful disposition. It is a temper born of faith that there is a God, and that He is taking care of His own. This does not mean that He shields them from great sorrows, protects them from great adversities, or relieves them of great labours. It does mean that He is able to turn all these great and arduous experiences into sources of strength ; it does mean that the toilsome road ends in a glorious outlook ; that the darkest night has its dawn and the hardest life its beautiful and eternal consummation. Trials and labours, however overshadowing and severe, can come to us only a day at a time. We are never called to meet them all at once. As the manna was renewed every morning for the need of those that were an hungered, so is the Divine strength renewed every day to those who look to that strength for their support and guidance.—*Great Thoughts.*

THERE is an idiom in Truth that is beyond the imitation of falsehood.